**We're Connected, You and I**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/12077613.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Gravity Falls |
| Relationship: | Stanford Pines/Stanley Pines |
| Characters: | The Author \| Original Stanford Pines, Grunkle Stan \| Stanley "Stanford" Pines, revolves around these two but other characters may appear |
| Additional Tags: | Incest, Twincest, Romance, each chapter should be a oneshot, marked as complete for this reason, summaries of fics inside, may contain more characters and series, additional tags will be posted with each fic |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2017-09-13 Completed: 2018-01-23 Words: 18,373 Chapters: 6/6 |

# We're Connected, You and I

by NightFoliage

Summary

Prompt: Abuelita installs a stripper pole.

Summary: After almost a year on the sea, Stan and Ford make their way back to the Mystery Shack. They're looking forward to seeing Dipper and Mabel, and Gravity Falls. However, they weren't expecting all these changes...

Tags and Warnings: Stancest, Incest, Twincest, Pines family, Gravity Falls as family, new people working in the Shack, mentions of sex (fade to black), and a grandmother that wants great-grandchildren.

---

A place for all of my shorter fics/prompt fics/etc. Summary will be the latest fic uploaded.

# Straight to Video

Chapter Summary

Stan and Ford are having a relaxing night together; there are no kids, they have the shack to themselves, and they can just enjoy each other's company. Or, Ford tries to read his book, while Stan watches something on the television.

Based on the prompts (which I combined into a one prompt):
-SFW request/prompt: Ford and Stan relaxing on the couch watching a movie/tv, Stan is super into the movie and Ford is reading
-NSFW request/prompt: Ford and Stan bangin and Ford looking bashful as hell about it

Tags: Occurs after ToTS and before the finale, sexual content, blowjobs, handjobs, and the usual angst from Ford.

Chapter Notes

Author's Note - Originally posted for the 2015 Stancest Halloween exchange on tumblr. I decided to finally post it on ao3. I gave it a quick brush up, but tried not to change too much. Hopefully there will be more fics to come.

Posted (on ao3): September 13, 2017

Word Count: ~4000

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With a small smile, Ford puts his book down. It was a wonderful story, even if the romance was a bit unbelievable for him. However, the old writing style (at least in comparison to some of the other books the children had lent him) and the lovely story had filled him with nostalgia.

It was a story that suited Mabel and Ford was glad that she lent the book to him.

"You know there's a movie for that book," Stan says, interrupting Ford's thoughts.

Ford lifts his head and shoots a look at Stan. He just barely stops himself from rolling his eyes. Of course his brother, who is sitting in front of the television marathoning 'Days of Our Lives', would suggest watching the movie instead. On screen, one of the characters slaps the other and dramatic music streams out of the tv.

The kids were gone for the night, on some overnight trip with Soos and Wendy, leaving Stanford and Stanley along in the shack. While they had made up (for the most part), they were still mending their the various breaks between them. There were quite a few of them, and it wasn't easy, but they were trying.

Hence, they started keeping each other company. Today, Stan watched TV, while Ford would read the various books that the kids had lent him.

Despite the eclectic collection, Ford is sure to try every book recommended to him. Mabel's books are mostly romance stories (some he wasn't too sure that she should be reading) and a myriad of children's and young adult novels. Dipper's are educational or boys mystery novels.

Surprisingly, most of the books are much older than the kids themselves. Some, Ford even recognizes from his time before the portal. For example, the book that he had just finished, The Princess Bride. The book had come out when he was in university, but he had been too busy to indulge in fads at the time.

It was good. Ford had tried one of the newer books that the two had brought, one about a protagonist named Percy Jackson, and he had to stop after the first few chapters. The language was so different and the protagonist was so young and talked so differently than what he was used to. It reminded him of all the time he had lost.

Instead, he waded through their older titles. Mabel had her collection of Roald Dahl and romance paperbacks, and Dipper had his Mystery Boys and Carl Sagan collection.

In some ways it was almost as if Ford had left for only a few years. As if he and Stan hadn't been estranged. Like nothing had happened and some of the terrible things that happened in the portal hadn't occurred and life was normal. Stan had stayed with him and they had made up-

"Ford?"

Stanford blinked.

Ford was suddenly aware that Stan is standing in front of him, worry written all over his face.

"I'm fine," Ford said as reassuringly as he can. "Sit back down and watch your soap opera. You were saying something about a movie?" Ever since he had come out of the portal, he's been overthinking things, occasionally losing himself in his thoughts. He'll have to be more careful not to get caught up in his own mind.

Stan shot him a hard look, before sighing. Giving Ford's shoulder a firm squeeze, Stan went back to the television. "Yeah, we should watch the movie with everyone," Stan said gruffly.

"Sounds good to me," Ford agreed.

Ford lifted up another book pretending to read it, when in reality he's watching Stan settle down. He can't help but run his eyes over Stan's body. Although Stan had aged, there was

still an undeniable connection between him and his brother.

Even now, his shoulder still tingled from the contact. The gesture had been nothing but a small reassurance, similar to the one shouldered hugs and noogies he received when they were kids, but the touch seemed to linger. Ford appreciated the gesture though, maybe a bit more than he should.

He shook his head. It was best not to dwell on those thoughts. What Stan and him had was.. special. Something that was only possible because they were kids. What they had was never going to last when they grew older (not that they had the chance to find out).

Despite his doubts, the thought of them when they were 'younger' immediately brings up more, pleasant memories. He thinks about their adventures as children and as they grew, experiencing new things together. But that road leads down to memories of stolen kisses and intimate moments that Ford isn't quite ready to think about.

There's no point in trying to revive those old experiences. They were lost.

Ford would just enjoy what little they had together now.

Like tonight, just the two of them, alone, no chance of distractions…

He missed those days. Not necessarily the romance and the sex (although he does miss that too), he missed the simple interactions they had. When they were children, they would stay up all night talking about everything and anything. And they could spend every waking moment in each other company for no other reason that 'they wanted to.'

Thinking about the past inevitably brings up the memories that happen after Stan leaves. The sleepless nights, the heaps of expectations, the loss of his closest and best friend...

But he shouldn't think about that.

Instead, he should engross himself in a story that both Mabel and Dipper recommended: Harry Potter.

The language and the world were familiar enough that Ford can feel himself slowly settling into the pages. The words drew him in. (Into another world, away from his memories.)

Unbeknownst to Ford, Stan was doing his own observing.

Tonight is one of the rare times they're alone. Stan wasn't expecting anything, but he appreciates having this opportunity. But should he do anything? Was this a sign that he should try to- help things (not fix, never fix, they were just too broken) along?

Should he?

Maybe he shouldn't.

Although he did have that ace up his sleeve...

If the situation presents itself, if the timing is right, then maybe he would pull it out.

-000-

A few chapters later, Ford was forced to put the book down. He took his glasses off, closed his eyes, and covered them with a hand. The book was good, perhaps a little slow in the beginning, but when he had reached the part where the main character was told he was different, that he was being taken to a different world-

Well.

It had hit a little too close to home.

The situation made him actually think about what Stan and him were doing. Being alone was an opportunity, not for 'certain' activities (although he was seriously considering steering the night in that direction), but an opportunity to talk to Stan. Ford could probably keep everything bottled up inside, but those secrets would not only affect his brother, but would also affect the kids.

He has to consider Dipper and Mabel. He wanted to be himself again, someone that the kids could look up to and be proud of. He wanted to be a little more well-adjusted, if only so he wouldn't hurt innocent bystanders.

Maybe things could be different if the kids decided to come deeper into his world, but for now, he would have to be more 'normal.'

Fix whatever he can.

Ford could start by telling Stan about.. about what happened. No details, nothing important, but enough. A little about what he experienced when he fell through the portal.

"Stan," Ford started. His brother looked up, "I…"

The air caught in his throat. Where could he start, where would he start? The first day that he fell through hadn't been kind, filled with horrors that Ford isn't ready to talk about. Those first days were filled with nothing but survival. But when those days ended, when he was comfortable, when things were better, and he knew that he was able to live, that's when he started to curse Stanley, yell, and scream epithets, because it was all Stanley's goddamn fault-

"Ford? Hey, what's wrong?"

He blinked and he's back. The sight of the shack's peeling wallpaper and off color rug instantly soothed him, because they tell him he's home.

"Ford? Come on, what's wrong?"

Ford finally came back to the present and sees Stan by his side (he had always been by his side). Stan frowned deeply, accenting all the small wrinkles that Ford had been ignoring. There were crows nest under his eyes, lines gathered around his mouth, and a lot more wrinkles than Ford wanted to acknowledge.

Their presence makes Ford want to touch Stan, gently run his hands over the lines and learn every single one of them. He wants to document all the changes that he knows are there, look over every inch of his brother, and get to know him the way they used to know each other-

And yet.

There were boundaries.

Too many to count, but he knows that some of his desires will cross the line.

“Ford? You’re scaring me here.”

Oh, he didn’t vocalize a reply yet.

“I’m fine, Stan,” Ford managed with a small smile. He didn’t even need to fake the smile. Having Stan care for him is enough to make it real.

Stan’s scowl deepened, making the lines on his face grow deeper.

“Maybe I just need a distraction?” Ford suggested. He would rather have their conversation while Stan was happy, not worried about him.

The phrase seemed to work. Stan’s scowl started to lighten, before a familiar smirk spread across his face.

“A *distraction*, huh?” The expression he gives Ford isn’t quite a leer, but it’s enough to make Ford a bit flushed under the collar.

The cad.

Ford bites the inside of his lip to keep from smiling (and to keep from sending a coy look) back.

“What sort of things could you distract me with, *Stan*,” Ford said playfully.

Stan swallowed, but keeps the roguish expression on his face. He shrugged. “I was thinking we could watch something together,” he said, nonchalant.

Ford raised an eyebrow. This feels all too like when they were teenagers, huddling together and giggling at adult videos while their parents were away. (Which would then dissolved into other activities.)

“You'll have to do better than that,” Ford shot back. Not that he isn’t curious, or willing, but he doesn’t want their banter to stop.

Stan shrugged again. “Okay, sure. I’ll just watch it by myself then,” he said. Then sauntered back to the tv, leaving Ford confused as to where he went wrong.

But Stan shoots him a heated look, meaning that, whatever this is, it isn’t over yet. Stan pulled out a tape he must have prepared beforehand and puts it in the VCR. His brother

glanced at him again with a smirk and Ford busied himself with his book, pretending that he wasn't watching Stan's every move.

Stan deliberately fiddled with the controls (he must be stalling, if only to irritate Ford and make his curiosity grow), before finally getting the settings right to play the tape. He settled back in the armchair.

Ford pretended to read, while listening intently to the tv.

A first, there is nothing but static. Then the static ended and there was nothing but a few tinny beeps and a different kind of static. Ford has been exposed to enough current technology to know the video must have be quite old, a recording, or both.

Wait- a recording?

Ford looked up and sees himself on screen, decades younger.

"*This is experiment 37*," his younger self said. He's wearing an undershirt and is clearly recording in the bedroom.

Belgian waffles, it's one of *those* experiments.

"Stan!" He exclaimed, because what else can he say? If Stan had found one of the videos, he had probably found them all. And there were a lot of videos. Ford thought he had hidden them well away, but trust Stan to find *everything*.

Stan gave Ford a huge grin. "I thought you weren't interested in watching tv with me? Something about not wanting to be distracted?"

The tv Ford kept chattering on, nervously blabbering on about the *experiment*. Ford stood up from his seat, but didn't move.

"Although this part is kinda boring. We should skip to the more exciting parts," Stan said, his grin growing larger.

That got Ford moving. But he can't stop Stan from fast forwarding the tape to his desired spot. And there on screen, is the younger Ford, blushing and naked, gently running his hands over his body.

"*From past experiments, 32 and 35, I've already established the sensitivity of, of certain areas of my body*-" the Ford on screen stuttered as he rubs the inside of his thighs.

Ford went to eject the tape, but Stan, with surprising strength, manhandled him into the armchair. Stan made sure to block the chair off and keep Ford seated. Then he placed a leg inbetween Ford's own, spreading them. His brother shifted to one side, allowing him a clear view of his younger self on screen, who had just finished running his hands over himself, and has started to run his hand up and down his cock.

A firm hand on his shoulder startled him out of his embarrassed reverie, and Ford came to the other sight in front of him: Stan looming over him, one arm braced against his shoulder, the

other on his knee. That hand traveled upward, rubbing encouragingly against his thigh (Ford gets embarrassingly hard, fast from that one action), but the hand slid past his crotch and gently rested against his abs.

Still near his cock.

Stan was a damn tease.

However, Stan's expression was serious and Ford waits for his brother to break the silence. The only sound in the room is the soft panting from his younger self on screen.

"Do you want this Ford?" Stan asked.

His onscreen self let out a particularly loud moan. Ford flushed.

"I don't know what you're talking about Stan," he snapped, trying to stop his body's embarrassing reactions to his twin.

Stan started to soothingly rub his belly (too close and too far away from his erection, the glorper), and gave Ford a reassuring look. "I wasn't asking you to beg, I just wanted to give you an out," he grumbled. "You know, if you weren't ready."

Ford's flush deepened and he feels indignant at Stan babying him, but is also touched at the concern.

But he's mostly annoyed, because he's horny dammit and now is not the time to have a conversation about his mental capacities. However, he swallowed the irritation in order to answer Stan honestly.

"I want this," Ford said staring straight into Stan's eyes.

"Good," Stan said with a smirk.

Stan moves the hand that was next to Ford's cock (finally), and quickly unbuttons the pants to expose him. Ford's cock jumps at being manhandled and then jumps again because of the pleasures moans coming from the television. Ford glanced away from Stan's heated look and sees himself, one hand wrapped around his cock, the other teasing at his entrance, while his head is thrown back in pleasure.

He's embarrassed to admit that he isn't too sure which sight is more arousing, his brother or himself.

A firm squeeze on his shoulder brings his attention back to his brother. However, instead of touching him, Stan simply takes hold of his own arousal and starts to stroke himself.

Ford looks at his twin, confused.

"I want you to touch yourself, I want you to be able to be as loud as you want, I want you to feel good," Stan said. "And I want you to do this while I watch."

Instead of replying, Ford firmly gripped his cock. The first touch is, well, it's disappointing compared to Stan's touch, but it still gives him the relief he needs. He tries to keep his brother's gaze, but can't. His line of sight immediately goes to the video instead, where his younger self is calling out some very familiar names.

"*Stan… fuck*," the younger Ford moans. "*Fiddleford…*"

"Oh," Stan continues, "And I wanted to see how a boring guy like you could be so dirty on video-"

Stan is cut off by Ford pulling him into a bruising kiss. It's hard and dirty, more of a mash of their lips meant to shut Stan up than a kiss. Stan laughs, knowing this. Ford just kisses him harder, and his hand unintentionally speeds up when Stan finally gives in and kisses back.

But now, without Stan's voice to fill the room, Ford can clearly hear his debauched moaning from the television. He lets his brother go and pulls away.

Stan slagging winks at him. "I got ya, Ford," he murmurs.

Then he leans in for a softer and more gentle kiss. There's no tongue, and Ford can practically taste the care that Stan is putting into it.

Then he jumps. Despite Stan's earlier words, his brother bats Ford's hand away from his cock and replaces it with his own. Ford lets him, because Stan clearly knows what he's doing. The pacing is a bit slow for his tastes, but the pressure is great, perfect even, and he can still hear himself moaning in the background.

Frankly, the whole thing is obscene.

(That must be the reason why Ford feels his heart swell and his whole body get warm. Embarrassment.)

Ford pulls away from the kiss and starts talking, if only to stop from hearing the ridiculous background sounds of his own moaning.

"I want you," Ford admits, before he can think about what he's going to say.

Stan closes his eyes and sucks in a sharp breath.

"I want to feel good," Ford continues.

Stan grips his cock a little tighter, making his breath hitch.

"I want everything you can give me, Stan," Ford whispers.

The hand on his cock stutters, making Ford bite his lip. And he watches as Stan opens his eyes and looks straight into him and says, "Anything for you Sixer-"

Before dropping to his knees and sucking Ford's cock like his life depended on it. Ford almost jumps out of the chair, but Stan's hands are on his hips, pressing him down, stopping

him from moving. He can't stop himself from loudly moaning Stan's name.

Ford has to admit that between seeing Stan on his knees (and looking straight at him, God) and seeing his younger self fuck himself on his own fingers (Ford admits that watching himself is hotter than he expected), that he's overwhelmed.

And it's that firm touch on his hips that sets him off. The feel of Stan's hands gripping his thighs and stabilizing him is what brings him orgasm. Ford doesn't even have time to warn Stan before he's coming and Stan just goes along with it, swallowing him down. All Ford can do is grab the armrests and hold on for dear life as Stan sucks his brain out of his damn cock.

Even after his completion, Stan continues to stimulate him. It makes Ford wonder if maybe he can go for another round. However, he can't voice his thoughts, because Stan is still sucking on his now overly sensitive cock. All he can do is moan, squirm, and run his hands over Stan, all twelve fingers eventually becoming tangled in his brother's hair.

After what seems like ages, Stan finally relents when Ford is well and truly spent (and completely limp).

Stan pulls off his cock with an audible 'pop,' stands, and leans close for another kiss. Ford is exhausted, but returns the soft kiss and reaches out to help Stan out with his neglected arousal.

Stan bats his hand away. "Best that I do it, there's not much time left," Stan says as he starts pumping his own cock in earnest.

Another loud moan, closer to a yell really, comes from the television set and it clicks for Ford. He can feel himself growing warm again.

Stan sets a furious pace and all Ford can do to help is whisper soft, meaningless endearments. His hands are running all over Stan's body, and as Ford hears his onscreen self get louder, he swallows in anticipation.

"Give me everything," Ford says softly, looking deep into Stanley's eyes.

And then all too soon, his younger self yells, obviously coming and a moment later, Stan groans and comes over Ford's flaccid cock.

His cock twitches, and he's tempted to rub off another one using Stan's come as lube, but alas, biology prevents him from doing so. However, Ford finally comes down from the adrenaline and can feel himself starting to get drowsy. Even the cooling come on his cock can't deter him from the edges of sleep gently tugging at his brain.

"Timed it wrong," Stan says, getting Ford's attention. "Came a bit late, we'll have to practice to get it right."

Ford sputters at the statement, but otherwise doesn't complain. He's starting to get too tired to argue back and he's honestly looking forward to the next round.

Stan immediately notices the lack of sass and instead of teasing him, removes his nightshirt to clean his twin up. “Come on, let’s get you to bed,” Stan says with a smile.

Ford nods and allows Stan to help him out of the arm chair. Stan grabs the tapes from the television and leads Ford back to his room. Ford goes along, using his sleepy mind and release as an excuse for why he’s obeying Stan so easily.

They manage to stumble into Stan’s bedroom, kick off their clothes, and then collapse into bed. Or at least Ford does. Stan takes his time, even though he has less layers than Ford.

(Ford does keep his sweater and underwear on. Stan raises an eyebrow but doesn’t say a word. In turn, Ford doesn’t say anything when he sees the burn, although he would like nothing else than to place a kiss on the old scar.)

They manage to curl into each other, falling into old habits that allow them to fit on the tiny bed together. When they’re settled and about to drift off, Ford finally notices that instead of just the one tape on the dresser, Stan brought up two. Even though he can feel his brain slowing, he’s still curious enough to ask about it.

“Two tapes?” Ford manages.

Stan blinks at him, but slowly nods.

“I thought....” Stan pauses. “I thought I’d share a little about what I did. Those years we were, apart,” Stan offers.

Ford freezes, but then relaxes. It’s reassuring in a way, that they had the same idea.

“They’re the commercials I did,” Stan admits. “I dunno. I just thought- we don’t have to talk about everything right away, but we gotta start somewhere, right?”

Ford’s only reply is a smile. Stan also relaxes when he sees his reaction. They understand each other.

“We have to start somewhere,” Ford repeats softly.

Stan nods back and with that they shift again, knowing that the conversation is over. With the thought of being able to potentially fix things, Ford falls easily to sleep.

Stan however, is slower to retire. He fights to stay awake, wanting to enjoy the moment for as long as possible. He sinks into Ford’s warmth and smells his hair. Unfortunately that only makes him more comfortable. Coupled with the relief from their conversation and his orgasm, Stan too, falls asleep, reassured in the fact they can make things right.

Chapter End Notes

Author’s Ramblings -

I tried to fix the tenses, but I think I made it worse. Anyways, thanks for reading~

# Falling Into You

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Ford and Stan fall into the bottomless pit.

Summary: Ford and Stan come back to Gravity Falls in order to see their family for the summer. However, not everything is resolved between them.

Tags and Warnings: Incest, established relationship, Ford being a creeper, obsessive behavior, watching people without their permission, toilet activity (not sexual), denial, falling (literal), light angst, and characters accepting death too easily. And kissing. More dark than I usually write, but I don't think it's as dark as the tags make it out to be.

Chapter Notes

Author's Note - A prompt given to me so long ago (sorry it's taken so long). Written before Journal 3 came out, so its a bit obsolete. I hope you guys enjoy~

Posted September 21, 2017

Word Count: ~4700

The journal falls onto the table noisily and without grace. It shakes various objects around the table with its landing, but Ford manages to steady the most important thing on the table: his coffee. He frowns at the near loss of his beverage, but that expression is wiped away when he spots the journal on the table. Ford abandons his coffee and snatches the journal up and tucks it under his arm.

"Where did you find this?" Ford asks. He tries to keep the question light, but can't help the suspicion creeping into the tone.

Stan doesn't answer, simply keeps his arms crossed and his brow furrowed.

Ford's eyes dart to it's last known hiding place, taped behind the bookshelf. He had been sure Stan wouldn't find it there.

Stan follows Ford's look. When Stan's eyes lands on the hiding spot, his gaze intensifies.

"Did you read it?" Ford asks.

Stan doesn't answer, but his fists tighten and Ford can hear his knuckles audibly crack.

A resounding 'yes.'

Ford sighs and rolls his eyes.

Before Ford can explain the new journal, (why he's keeping, how important it is, how Stan really shouldn't worry about it) his twin audibly growls and leaves the cabin. From the stomping, Ford can tell that his brother is now clomping around deck, messing with the sails, fiddling with the ropes, and bring an utter nuisance.

Ford rolls his eyes again continues to drink his coffee.

Stan can do whatever the hell he wants, Ford is not going to go chasing after him when he's clearly emotional. A year on a boat with his twin has taught him that sometimes it was best to let Stan's anger ride out than to experience it head on. Sooner or later his twin will calm down and see reason.

-000-

Stan hasn't spoken to him.

Besides an odd grunt, or a look in his direction, Stan doesn't even acknowledged him, let alone talked to him. And it doesn't seem like Stan is going to talk to him anytime soon.

Ford thought he could hold out, wait for Stan to come talk to him, but he's not sure he can wait any longer.

He's.. lonely.

Maybe Ford has become, dare he say spoiled with the amount of attention he's received from Stan for the past year?

They no longer share a bed, Stan takes to sleeping up deck at night under the stars. They don't share meals, Stan eats at odd hours: before he wakes up, small snacks while they're sailing, and definitely after he falls asleep.

Most noticeably, they don't talk anymore.

It's the absence of their conversations that drives the last nail in the coffin for Ford.

Talking to Stan is easy. Even in the beginning when they were still shying away from revealing too much, from being themselves again, they could fall back into old habits. The words were mostly frivolous, they hadn't been brave enough to talk about anything else. But they could talk enthusiastically to each other, about boat types, about outfits and rations, about who had more sailing experience.

Arguments about the best fish bait led to sharing stories about Dipper and Mabel. For the two old men, it was so much easier to open up about the kids then themselves.

Then it couldn’t be helped that they started to talk about their years apart. It inevitably lead to them talking about their years together. They started talking about their past selves, nostalgia thick in their voices, sharing their old memories together.

It wasn’t all easy. Not every memory was some light hearted conversation. There were many rough nights that ended in shouts and slammed doors. (But they never touch, not when they’re angry.)

However, the conversations- and arguments, are what they needed.

When they had been young, they were so open with each other and completely closed to everyone else. No one could penetrate the shell that they had wrapped themselves in. In their situation it wasn't surprising that their isolation made them close themselves off to everyone, including their twin.

Each conversation helped them air the room, open up, and heal.

Even now a good talk with Stan can make Ford emotional. A good talk can warm his heart, make him smile and laugh, and- make him happy.

Ford hasn’t heard Stan’s voice in days.

Maybe Ford took for granted the attention his twin has showered on him this past year. He thought he could wait Stan out. He has been without his twin for decades.

However, this is the first time this year that Ford’s been denied the attention of his lover.

Although, lack of conversation does not mean that Stan isn’t taking care of him. In fact, that’s one of the few things that hasn’t changed. The ship is kept clean and in fantastic shape. Stan makes food for him every morning, and he often finds a snack for him on the table or the counter. And Stan will still point out anomalies and odd phenomenons to him.

All without speaking to him

What he wouldn’t give to hear Stan’s voice at the moment.

Maybe he should try to initiate the conversation. Perhaps he should even apologize. At the very least he wants to hear his brother’s point of view.

He tries to, but pauses right before the act. Something dark and bitter curls inside him and tells him to stop, to leave it alone, that he doesn't have to do anything.

After all, the new journals he’s been writing, well, they’re unorthodox, but his last ones have proved useful, life saving in fact. They help him catalogue their journey. There’s no need to take action.

Sooner or later the situation will resolve itself one way or another.

-000-

Perhaps Ford *would* be the one to initiate a resolution to the conflict.

Stan still hasn't spoken to him.

Stan continues to take care of him and protects him. His brother clearly has his back in a conflict, but now Stan has barely touched him all this time.

Stan was always the instigator of the touches between them: a slap between the shoulders, rough pats on the back, grabbing his hand to squeeze, brushing a kiss across his knuckles…

Ford rubs the space between his knuckles absently, remembering the sensation of Stan's lips against his skin.

He shakes his head and tries to put it out of his mind.

What an extreme reaction to him keeping a journal. Ford didn't think he deserved the cold shoulder for keeping the journal. It was just data he wanted to keep and remember, something they could both look remember fondly, nothing Ford should be ashamed about.

He repeats this to himself over and over again, especially when he aches to take Stanley in his arms.

-000-

Something has to give, but it's not going to be Stanford Pines.

The more Ford thinks about it, dwells on their conversation, mulls it over in his head, the more bitter and angry he gets.

He imagines their talk a thousand different ways, but in the end, the scenarios he likes best are the ones where they talk about the journal. Hasn't silence been the cause of their many problems in the past?

So Ford refuses to break down and be the first one to talk.

The spite and the strength of his emotions keeps him from letting his loneliness interfere with this creed.

Instead, Ford has taken to following Stan around without his twins knowledge.

Oh sure, Stan must know to a certain degree that Ford is aware of him, but this goes beyond being close simply because the space is small. Ford is constantly shadowing Stan, making sure he always knows his twins whereabouts. He likes to get just close enough so that any sound that Stan makes, he can hear.

It's rather tiring, he hasn't had to be this hyper aware since some of his darker days in the multiverse, but it's also rewarding.

He discovers that the go to song that his brother used to sing, a now old dancing number, has been replaced. Some discrete texting with Dipper reveals the song that Mabel, Dipper, and

Stan sang together to defeat zombies together.

Ford finds himself surprised when he sees that Stan is ambidextrous, like himself. He knew that his brother was strong in both arms, and rather proficient when it comes to fighting, but Stan has always favored his right hand, a habit that came from his boxing days. But now Ford knows that Stan can do more delicate work with both hands: cooking, tying a knot, texting, and more.

Ford feels as if he can't discover anything new about his brother, until he spots Stan opening a secret compartment in the boat by messing with one of the godawful decorations that his twin loves.

The first time Stan does it, he's speechless. He's listless the whole day, and that night he can't go to sleep until he rubs the velvet clown painting for himself to see the stash of goodies inside. There are cigars (typical), chocolates (so this was where Stan was hiding them), a stash of prunes (if he could get away with it, Ford would take some), and what looked like trinkets that Stan liked to send back to the kids. When he spots the exotic and weird sea shells and stones, Ford quietly closes the painting and removes any traces of himself.

Over time, Ford discovers the compartments that his brother has built: in the banisters, the walls, and the crown molding. The clown painting seems to be a one off.

No wonder Stan had found the journal. Stan probably triggered one of Ford's secret compartments in the boat.

It's a surprise they hadn't found out about each other's secrets earlier.

Finding the first compartment unleashes something in Ford and he looks into all of Stan's compartments. Most of them are like the first, goodies, gifts, and mementos from the kids. A few others contain money, IDs, and mountains of pictures of their family. It says a lot about Stan that these are the items he likes to keep safe and untouched.

(Ford wonders what that says about himself. What he hides are his journal, sketches, ideas, concepts that others wouldn't understand. It's an old habit, he supposes.

But Stan isn't everyone. Stan is someone he should be able to trust with this, especially this.)

He pushes the thought out of his mind.

Ford continues to watch Stan, and Stan continues to ignore him.

Which only increases the pleasure that Ford has over watching Stan without his knowledge. He's enjoying the chance to watch and observe Stan. He hasn't had the chance to do this for a long time. He can take his time to observe Stan. (And he's noticing more about his brother from observing, then by interacting with him. Interesting.)

Then there are times where can't observe, but can only look at Stan in awe.

Stan is beautiful.

From the lines of his body, to the way he moves, Stan is beautiful.

Ford finds himself staring at Stan every chance he can get.

(And if Ford find himself staring a little too long, a little too much, if he starts to record Stan instead of just watching him, then that's his secret. Perhaps recording his brother was crossing a line, but watching the recording is the only way they can be in the same room with him instead of hiding behind a corner out of sight.)

He watches Stan haul sails, call the kids, and even listens to him when he's in the bathroom.

(Ford is strangely fascinated by the way his brother goes to the bathroom. There is something about hearing his brother's waste hitting the water that interests him and he wonders if it's anything like his bowel movements.)

And maybe he is becoming too obsessed.

The watching, the recording, it's not healthy, Ford can admit to that. However, admitting to having this problem doesn't stop Ford. He's replacing their interactions with the watching but his fixation hasn't quite approach Bill Cipher levels, so he thinks he's okay for now (maybe).

They should talk to each other instead of continuing their purposeful passive aggressive ignorance of each other.

Ford doesn't allow himself to be the one start a conversation. This is Stan's problem with him, therefore it should be Stan's responsibility to solve this if he thinks it's a problem.

-000-

Days have passed, the kids have been messaging them pictures of their last days of school, they're docking at the pier in Gravity Falls and Stan hasn't initiated a conversation.

It's worrying Ford. He's reluctant to even eve consider it, but he may have to be the one to initiate the talk. Perhaps he could manage it before they reach the Mystery Shack. In the would be best, there was no way Stan would run if he was driving the StanMobile.

Mind made up, Ford decided not to worry until the time comes to talk. He does his best to be casual and listens in to Stan's conversation with Tate.

"Hey Tate, you treatin the StanMobile well?" Stan says with a grin.

(Ford twitches. Stan hasn't looked at him let alone smiled at him.)

"Don't worry, Stan, the car's going a-okay. You staying for the summer?" Tate answers.

"Yeah, Mabel and Dipper are coming back in a few days. I'll bring them around sometime."

"Tate snorts. "Maybe this time you'll catch your own fish instead of stealing them," Tate says, but without any malice.

Stan launches is a tirade about he's actually bring more business for Tate, thank you very much, and how he just happens to be a very competitive fisher. Tate, used to the ramblings of old men, nods at just the right moments and manages to steer the conversation so that by the end of it Stan is promising to bring the family over and actually pay for fishing equipment. Stan is grumbling at the result, only because he doesn't want one of the best fishing holes in Gravity Falls to go out of business. Tate thanks Stan for the business.

Stan goes to get the car ready and Ford is left alone, staring at his twin's back

When he finally looks away, Ford notices Tate looking at him. The man tips his hat and Ford gives an awkward wave back. Tate goes back to his business, thank goodness.

Ford hurries over to the car. He fusses with their belongings and tries not to let his rampant jealousy make him do something rash.

That's Fiddleford's son after all, not just anyone.

However...

How could Stan talk to anyone, but not talk to him?

-000-

The drive is tense and Ford it too wrapped up his thoughts to make conversation. Stan drives fast, even faster than usual, and they make it to the shack in record time. He parks and gets out of the car to unload the back. Ford follows Stan through the back entrance.

Stan hesitates near the stairs. Ford looks down and thinks he knows what's this about. Is Stan going to try and sleep in a different room from him.

The thought gathers and boils up inside him. He tosses the bag to the side, it clatters loudly on the ground and Stan whips around to look at it. His eyes are wide.

"Ford-"

Ford slaps a hand over his brother's mouth and surprisingly Stan lets him. Ford slowly removes his hand and Stan stays quiet although he's clearly confused. Ford stalks over to his bag first and then returns to drag Stan out the door.

Stan follows along, obedient and quiet, and somehow that makes Ford angrier. His brother hasn't been acting himself and Ford's going to change that once and for all. If Stan wanted an apology, he was getting an apology.

They make their way across the grounds and away from the Mystery Shack. Stan frowns when he realizes their destination.

"The Bottomless Pit? Sixer, you know that-"

Ford whips around and raises the item that caused the whole mess in the first place.

“You happy?” He yells, holding up the journal. “I’m going to get rid of it once and for all!” Ford waves the journal a little too enthusiastically and his momentum carries him backwards.

“Ford!” Stan finally moves into action and springs forward. He ignores the journal, eyes only on Ford.

Ford is having none of that. He takes another step back to get out of Stan’s reach and waves the journal in front of him. This is supposed to be symbolic dammit. Throwing the goddamn journal away was supposed to be another way of apologizing. His brother stopped talking to him because of it’s existence and now he doesn’t care about it? He doesn’t want it gone?

Well Ford has already made up his mind and what he’s going to do with it.

He moves to toss the accursed thing into the pit, while Stan moves to catch him. Ford tries to fend his brother off, while Stan desperately tries to lay a hand on him. A moment later Stan has a grip on Ford. Instead of wrenching Stan’s hand off like he intended, he stumbles and brings Stan with him.

Then nothing matters except for the fact that they’re falling.

Maybe in a different timeline Ford would be able to react quick enough, but he's tired, his concentration is shot, and all he can think about is the damn journal. He does not swing them back over onto solid ground with their momentum, instead Ford let them fall.

They’re pressed chest to chest, their limbs tangled together, faces inches away from each other.

Ford sees Stan’s eyes widen and can see him rear back. Maybe Stan could have saved them, pulled off a miracle, but Ford has a sudden thought. It’s no good if Stan manages to save them after Ford has given up. The hand that’s not wrapped around the journal, wraps around his brother’s middle.

Ford closes his eyes as he hears Stan softly gasp.

Now he doesn’t have to stare into Stan’s eyes as they fall for all of eternity.

He concentrates on the wind whistling past his ears, the warmth of Stan’s body against his own, and the light behind his eyelids that disappears. When it’s gone, he knows they’ve dropped low enough that they can no longer see the sky.

After all those years, what a way to go-

Stan sucker punches him in the nose.

“Ow!” Ford sees stars and grabs his nose. “Ow…” It doesn’t feel like anything is broken, but the punch had come out of nowhere. He opens his eyes and blinks. Stan is pulling away? No, he’s pulling a hand back- Ford realizes Stan’s winding up to take another punch.

He manages to dodge this one, by hugging Stan closer, but he notes that he swing is half-hearted.

They spin around in a slow circle, carried by the momentum of the punch. Stan mock struggles and Ford holds him tighter.

Stan keeps wriggling even as Ford demands, “What was that for?”

Stan struggles a little bit more and actually growls next to his ear (which makes Ford shiver) before stopping completely. Ford shifts, unintentionally rubbing his cheeks against Stan’s. The other man sighs and turns his head closer.

Ford’s chest grows tight and he has to stop himself from clinging onto Stan.

“Well,” Ford muses aloud, “I guess this isn’t the worst way to go.”

Stan snorts. “Really?” He says.

The words are soft and affectionate and Ford can feel himself warm up. He wish he could have heard that tone weeks ago, but he’ll take it now. He missed Stan speaking to him.

Ford hums, happier than he has been in days. “I always thought that I would die by your side.”

Stan doesn’t reply, but gently nuzzles his ear. Ford is very content with the action and relaxes as Stan wraps his arms around him. Even if this is the end, he’s glad that it’s with Stan.

“I’m sorry,” Ford finally admits.

“You’re saying sorry?” Stan tries to pull back, but Ford keeps him locked in the embrace. He would prefer not to look into his brother's eyes when he’s admitting he’s wrong.

“If saying sorry was all I needed to do to stop this mess, then yes, Stan, I’m sorry.”

The words echo an older apology, months ago. Why doesn’t he learn from his mistakes. If only he swallowed his pride and tried talking it out with Stan earlier.

Stan is silent and still.

Ford doesn’t blame him. He can’t stand the silence anymore and starts spilling more and more secrets into the void.

“I know you have a- an issue against my journals,” Ford continues, “and I wasn’t thinking about your feelings when I made this one.”

“Ford-”

“Let me continue, Stanley.” Stan huffs and Ford can feel his skin tingle. “I just couldn't help- it's habit- to want to keep a journal on things that fascinate me.”

Stan grumbles a bit, but Ford forges on.

“You fascinate me, Stanley.”

Stan’s grumbling stops.

“The journals are a part of me, they’re part of what kept me sane-” Stan snorts at that, “-yes, they kept me sane, Stan. They were a physical object I could trust that wouldn’t be altered. I’ve always placed my trust in my journals so writing a journal about you…”

Ford trails off, hoping that Stan will pick up the slack of the conversation, but he doesn’t and Ford has to keep going. He brought this on himself, after all.

“Okay, maybe keeping a journal…”

“Filled with smutty drawings of me, Sixer?” Stan interrupts.

Ford sighs.

“Smutty- have you been reading Mabel’s romance novels again? And for your information Stanley, I’ve poured myself into those drawings, made sure they were anatomically correct-”

“And then you put them in a boat, a place where the kids have access too, with a journal obsessed nephew-”

“I took that into consideration!”

“Ford, I found the journal and I couldn’t find your other journals for thirty years. Then the kid found it the first day he was here. You do not hide the journals that well.”

Ford knows the next step to this conversation is that he’s supposed to disagree, make a witty remark benefiting of his intellect, but all Ford can do is close his eyes and curl in closer to Stan.

Then he starts to laugh.

This is how things are supposed to be: arguments that later dissolve into long nights where they cling to each other. It’s perfect, Stan is perfect, and all he wants is for this moment to stretch on for eternity.

But eventually they’ll die.

The laughter continues to bubble up somewhere inside him and he lets go of Stan. Separated from his brother, Ford can feel the wind again, it’s rushing past his ears and ruffling his hair and clothes. This is really it. After the portal, after Weirdmageddon, after Bill Cypher, after being on the sees with Stanley, this is how he finally dies?

“Goddammit Ford, we aren’t going to die,” Stan says, gently running a hand over him.

Ford lets out a giggle that’s just shy of hysterical. He tries to brush his brother off of him. He doesn’t deserve the comfort.

“But we are Stan, a bottomless pit shouldn’t be possible, but it’s possible in Gravity Falls. I mean, I didn't think we could survive everything that has happened to us and look! Now we’re finally going to end it all, but at least it’ll be by your side, I promised that, and I’m going to be able to keep that promise.” By the end of his rant, Ford is more than a little hysterical, but he hopes he got the point across to Stan.

Stan sighs and mumbles ‘hot belgian waffles,’ under his breath.

Hm. Not the reaction Ford is expecting after his impassioned speech. Ford lets his eyes open. He’s surrounded by complete darkness. Isn’t this a hopeless situation?

Stan blows a breath out, “Ford, we’re going to be stuck in this whole for fifteenish minutes, then we’ll be spit right back out.”

“Stan,” Ford says slowly, “this is the bottomless pit.”

Ford can hear Stan scratch his head. “A bottomless pit is considered a bottomless pit if we never hit an end right?” He asks.

“Yes, that much I can agree with,” Ford replies.

“Soooo, Sixer, if we’re brought out at the beginning and we never met an end then it still lives up to it’s name, right?” Stan says with a huff.

Ford blinks, then turns the words over in his head. “Yes. That does seem correct.”

“It’s the kids all over again,” Stan grumbles. “Listen, Ford, long story short, I fell into the pit once with the kids and it spat us out of the hole, okay? We’re going to come out of this alive.”

“Oh.”

“Oh? Is that all you can say?” Stan says with a huff.

What else can Ford say? He already apologized, already spilled thoughts and emotions out of his mouth because he thought they were dying. What else does Stan want him to say?

“You’re so fucking dramatic, Ford. Can’t do anything by halves can you,” Stan says, but without any malice. His hands are running over Ford’s face gently, reassuringly, lovingly. Ford lets himself lean into the touch now that he knows that this isn’t the end. Ford thinks about putting up a token argument against the words, but is silenced by a kiss.

“Making another fucking journal with smutty pictures of me, then stalking me, and finally this? Sixer, you dumb ass,” Stan whispers against his lips, then kisses him again.

Ford reluctantly pulls away from the kiss. “Are you trying to apologize?” he asks.

“No,” Stan replies. “You're the one that owes me another apology. And stop apologizing when you think we’re going to die, you better not let this become a pattern, you hear me?”

Ford has to steal a kiss before he manages to push the words past his lips, “I’m sorry, Stan.”

Stan snorts again. Instead of discarding Stan’s words, he analyzes them instead. Perhaps he has been apologizing when their lives are threatened instead of apologizing when he should have. It’s a bad habit he’s built.

After he fell through the portal, there were a lot of instances where Ford could have died. In those moments, Ford has always dreamed of apologizing and making up with Stan. It was his idea of small luxury, devoting some of his brain power to the fantasy instead of his survival.

But now Ford isn’t in that situation anymore. He’s no longer alone, trying to get by on his wit and his ego. He has Stan now. He doesn’t have to survive, not anymore.

He can live now.

“I’m sorry,” Ford says again. This time the words are heartfelt and he thinks he understands why Stan wants an apology.

“Hmph.”

Stan doesn’t sound very satisfied.

Ford can fix that.

“How long did you say we had in here?” He asks innocently.

Stan grumbles, “Time passes weirdly here, maybe ten minutes. Ten long boring minutes.”

“How about I make it up to you?” Ford says.

“Oh?” Stan sounds interested, good. Ford wants to be happy with Stan and he can admit the situation interests him.

Ford  gropes around in the dark for moment, but manages to gently cup Stan’s cheek in one hand, and grips Stan’s hip with the other. He makes sure to flex the hand on Stan’s hip just how his lover likes it. Ford can feel Stan shiver against him and Ford presses his thumb in the space where Stan’s navel and thigh meets.

Stan fists the front of Ford’s sweater reeling him in. Their foreheads meet unexpectedly, but it makes Stan chuckle so Ford smiles as well. Stan turns just so, and now they're breathing each other’s air, still connected.

The action makes Ford’s mind go blank and he has to remind himself to keep actively touching Stan.

“I love you,” Ford whispers, then kisses Stan hard, so he doesn’t have to hear an answer.

Stan kisses back and lets his hands wander down.

You’re amazing, Ford wants to say. You’re so wonderful, Ford want to whisper to Stan as they start to struggle out of their clothes. You’re absolutely perfect, Ford thinks and the words repeat over and over in head. He doesn’t get the chance to say the words.

Later, he thinks. Later, Ford will write it all down in his journal and read it aloud to Stan.

# The Google

Chapter Summary

Prompt: First thing that Ford searches when he discovers google.

Summary: The first four times Ford encounters Google, plus the first time he uses it.

Tags and Warnings: DDnMD, Ford is an arrogant jerk in his brain, but outwardly pretty neutral to others, Pines family, “The Internet”, and sappy Grunkles at the end.

Chapter Notes

Author’s Note: Woohoo~ This was written for the 2017 Stancest Scavenger Hunt~ This was one of the lowest point prompts on the list, but I really liked it and decided to go for it anyway. (I was inspired by a lot of the prompts.) And this is edited! If you've somehow read my messy initial submission, this has now been looked over.

Word Count: ~2300

Date Published: 10/10/2017

*Dipper*

Even after the infinity sided die debacle, Ford and Dipper still enjoy a rousing game of Dungeons, Dungeons, and more Dungeons.

Right now they’re going through a custom campaign, one that Dipper has designed. Dipper says it’s a combination of a few campaigns mostly from SSRaughly’s Dreadnought series, a series that had been old even when Ford was playing. There’s everything from the Goblin Ruler, the Singing Sword, the Pond of Age, combined with some of their newer ones such as the Evil Mask.

Although Ford doesn’t recognize all the new bells and whistles,  he can still enjoy the intellectual game with his grand nephew.

That is, until they have a fight about the rules.

“I know that you’re used to playing with the 1.3 version of the game Grunkle Ford, but the new 5.6 edition has been tested to be the best out all of the versions,” Dipper tries to explain

patiently. Ford tries not to roll his eyes, he may be a few generations older, but that doesn't mean he is *old* .

"Now Dipper, that version may have *tested* well with everyone, but we're not just anyone, are we? We don't need the rule leveling or game play balancing that these newer versions have," Ford replies calmly.

Dipper frowns, but considers his grunkles words.

"In fact," Ford continues, "Why don't we makes some house rules? That'll suit us more than one edition of rules."

Dipper lights up. "That's a great idea, Great Uncle Ford! Let me google all the editions so we can compile our own edition!" And before Ford can ask what a 'google' has to do with their conversation, Dipper whips out his phone and furiously taps at the screen.

Ford stares as Dipper becomes in his phone. Ford moves over so he can look over Dipper's shoulder to see Dipper scroll through screen after screen of information on the editions of Dungeons, Dungeons, and More Dungeons.

"Fascinating, I didn't realize that Earth had reached this level of technology," Ford says.

"Huh?" Dipper looks up. "Oh yeah, this is a device that allows people to search through the Internet, um, a virtual database that everyone can connect to."

Ford nods along with the explanation. He had used such devices in other dimensions, but when he had left earth, these sorts of technology were barely concepts. They were ideas he wasn't too sure would come to fruition in his lifetime. And now even kids are able to have these devices. Remarkable.

"Why don't you show me some more of this Internet by looking up those rule sets, my boy."

Dipper smiles and enthusiastically goes back to 'the Internet.'

Ford lets Dipper get absorbed in the task and he starts reading the rules to 5.6 edition. Although he's interested in 'the Internet,' he doesn't think it will help him in his fight against Bill. Ford has all the tools he needs right in the Shack.

-000-

*Soos*

It's late in the afternoon when Ford stumbles upon Soos underneath the sink. Ford can admit that this is his fault, he's tired, hungry, and he let himself relax in the familiar surroundings. And it's difficult to miss a person of Soos' size. It isn't the boy's fault when Ford trips over the handyman legs.

Luckily, Ford is able to catch himself before falling on his face.

“Mr.Pines!” Soos slides out from under the sink as Ford rubs his bleary eyes. “Are you alright?”

“I'm fine, Soos,” Ford says, trying to keep the tiredness out of his voice. “But a cup of coffee wouldn't go amiss.”

“No problemo,” Soos says and abandons the sink to start up Ford’s request.

Ford plops into a chair at the kitchen table. He had stayed up the whole night gathering resources for his plans. Soon a mug is placed in front of his nose. If it wasn’t for that cup, he might have dozed off sitting upright. He tries not to chug the beverage too fast.

Coffee delivered, Soos goes back to the sink. He stares at the plumbing and scratches his head.

Ford feels much more charitable after the cup and decides to offer his help.

“Anything I can do to help? I'm quite handy when I need to be,” he says, then chuckles at his own joke.

Puns? He's more tired than he thought, he could use another cup of coffee.

“Don't worry, Mr.Pines. You just get some rest. After all, Soos is on the job!” He exclaims cheerfully. Then he pulls out his phone and starts tapping at the screen again.

It takes a moment for Ford to figure out what Soos was doing.

Ah, Soos is using the Internet to look up how to do this task. Handy indeed.

“Looking up the problem?” Ford asks.

“Yup,” Soos confirms. “I find it easiest to google videos.” He flashes the screen in Ford's direction. Ford can catch the image of a competent looking plumber and a sink.

Fords not sure why he's surprised, but he is very surprised. Not only did this Earth have the capacity for information sharing, but sharing information on different platforms such as video? Astounding.

“I'll have this fixed in a jiffy,” Soos declares before going back under the sink.

Ford goes to refill his coffee. He’s not needed here and he should go back to the basement to continue his work. However, he decides to stay and finish the pot of coffee.

When Soos realizes that Ford had stayed, he starts narrating his actions along with the video.

-000-

*Wendy*

Ford is not sure how it happens, but he finds himself alone with Wendy one day. One moment he's engrossed in his calculations, the next there's an incessant noise that's disturbing his concentration. He looks up to see that Wendy is is tapping away at her phone.

“Hey,” She says, with all the nonchalance only a teenager her age could produce. Wendy doesn't even look up.

“Why, hello there Wendy,” he replies.

The girl only nods in acknowledgment.

For some reason the gesture rankles his nerves. There's something about being ignored that doesn't sit right with Ford.

Ford tries to concentrate on something else, she’s just a teenager after all. He glances down at the phone and realizes the pattern of sounds and her typing most likely means she's communicating with someone, or several someone's.

“So, who are you talking to Wendy?” Ford asks, trying to make conversation.

Wendy doesn't look up, continues to tap, but is swift to answer: “Oh, you know, just texting my friends, updating my facepage, checking out the local gossip-”

As Wendy continues to chatter, Ford’s eyebrows rise with each word. He knows with the current level of technology it's possible to accomplish quite a bit on such a device, but he feels Wendy’s level of multitasking is one of the highest he's seen in any dimension.

“-I'm checking on my brothers, checking up on my dad, making sure that Mystery Shack social media is doing well-”

Wendy stops when she realizes that Ford isn't participating in the conversation.

“Aw man, did I dump too much on you? I'm sure if you google, wait, I'm sure you could ask Dipper or Mabel to explain things to you…” Wendy says, slower this time.

Ford shakes his head. “I'm enjoying the conversation, Wendy. Why don't you keep talking, it's nice to have some noise in the background.”

Wendy stares and Fords thinks over his last words when Wendy shrugs. She starts her line of thought again.

“Anyways, as I was saying, right now our group is trying to do one last big thing before school registration and we were thinking about-”

Ford makes a soft noise of agreement and lets her voice wash over him. He manages to tune her out as white noise and goes about his calculations. Honestly, her voice is a nice reminder of one of the things he’s trying to save. He wants to be able to save everyone so that the worst of their worries is what their last plans are for the summer

-000-

*Mabel*

With Bill defeated all Ford can think about is spending time with his family.

Mabel, especially. He should have spent more time with her when he had the chance. Now he only has a few days left. After that he'll have to wait a whole year to see her again.

He drums up the courage to talk to her during dinner.

"Mabel?"

Most of the conversation around the table quiets, as his grand niece turns to looks at him.

"Yes, Grunkle Ford?" She says, sweet and innocent, with sparkling eyes. He melts and is so glad that they defeated Bill.

"I was thinking…" he's wracking his brain now, trying to figure out what to say. He should have planned ahead, "that we should do something together."

Stan gives an approving nod and Dipper beams.

Ford, however, only has eyes for Mabel.

"Hmm," she taps at her chin. "Well, what do you want to do?"

"Uh-" he frantically tries to think of something they could enjoy together. HE glances at the rest of the table- Stan is miming dancing? And singing? He looks back to meet Mabel's expectant eyes. Ford takes another glance and sees Dipper ah- painting perhaps, and then a sport, either golfing or baseball, he's really not too sure at this point. Mabel continues to look at him and doesn't pay any attention to the rest of the table.

And now Ford knows he's allowed the silence to stretch too long so he says the first thing that makes sense:

"I want to do whatever you want to do, Mabel."

And that's the crux of the matter isn't it. Ford has been- selfish. Monopolizing Dippers time, being unfair to Stan, ignoring Mabel, he wants to make up for everything. If it means dressing up in tutus, having tea parties talking about boys, whatever it is that almost teen girls like to do, he's willing to do it.

"Well, how about we figure it out together," Mabel shrugs. "We can google something."

Ford mentally gives himself a pat on the back. He didn't think he would be rejected, but he had been worried. Yes, this is exactly what he is aiming for.

"I would truly enjoy that, Mabel," Ford says honestly. "You can also teach me how to use these new fangled things kids call phones nowadays."

Mabel gasps dramatically. "Grunkle Ford! You've never used a cell phone before?"

“Nope.” Not an earth one, anyways.

“You know,” Stan drawls and shoots Ford a wink “Back in our day, we didn't each have our own phone. We had to share a line with the whole house and it wasn't cordless.”

“Grunkle Staaaan,” Dipper says, rolling his eyes. “Not another ‘back in my day.’”

“But Dipper! There have been so many changes and innovations! Why, back in my day, we couldn’t computers in our pockets. They were as big as a room and you were happy if it could add numbers together,” Ford says with a big grin.

Mabel laughs, “That’s so cray-cray, Grunkle Ford.”

“It’s true,” Ford says, “It’s why I’ll need you to teach me everything.”

Mabel’s laughs turns into an embarrassed giggle. She runs her hands through her hair and says, “Sure I can show you, but teach you?”

“Mabel, Ford’s actually exaggerating. We were actually born before computers existed,” Stan says seriously.

“You guys are so old,” Dipper says.

Mabel gasps and smacks her brother in the should, but she’s dissolved into another fit of laughter. Ford protests with a smile on his face, while Stan agrees with the boy and says that’s exactly why Dipper should grab him another soda.

Dipper grumbles, but grabs his grunkle the drink.

Mabel seems to cheer up considerably after that and spends the rest of the night showing Ford her phone. She makes sure to have him memorize the multiple communicating features and apps she likes. Ford promises to download all the same apps so they can talk and play.

The kids spend the whole night showing their grunkles their most favorite aspects and features of having a phone.

At one point Ford and Stan look at each other and smile. It looks like they’ll have to get smartphones soon.

-000-

*+Stan*

After Dipper and Mabel leave Gravity Falls, Stan and Ford decide to do the same. They both need a fresh start and their sailing trip is their perfect opportunity. They fly as close as they can to the anomaly, gather their supplies, and get a boat. They set off and find themselves sailing away from land only days after Dipper and Mabel have left Gravity Falls.

Ford digs into his pocket and pulls out his brand new smart phone. It’s part of their most recent acquisitions and Ford’s feeling a little sentimental. He wants the first thing he does

with the phone to be special. He snaps a picture of the shoreline to send to the kids later.

Ford hears the sound of a camera shutter.

He turns.

“Stan.”

There’s his brother, only a few feet away, pointing his own phone in Ford’s direction.

“Something wrong, Ford?” Stan says with a suspicious grin. He’s tapping away at the screen without even looking. When he finally looks down, he sniggers.

“Now what are you laughing at?” Ford goes over and manages to get a peek of the screen.

It’s a picture of himself, looking happy and content with the ocean as a background. It’s flattering, but it still makes him flustered.

Stan continues to snicker over the photo.

Ford rolls his eyes. He marches over to Stan and pulls him close for a kiss then snaps a photo for good measure. While his brother is blustering he googles how to use the photo as the background for his phone.

Ford keeps this picture as the background on his phone. Almost a year passes, when he replaces it with a picture of his family in Gravity Falls.

# Getting Schwifty

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Get Shwifty!

Characters: Stanford Pines, Stanley Pines, Rick Sanchez (Rick and Morty)

Tags and Warnings: Alternate Universe, AU where both Stans fall through the portal, paranoia, established relationship

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: Written for the 2017 Stancest Scavenger Hunt~ This is one of the ways these three could meet.

Word Count: ~850

Date Published: 10/25/2017

The dance club is crowded tonight; throngs of creatures and people are pressed together, moving to the deafening music and flashing lights. The VIP lounge has much more breathing room, the music more controlled, and the lights muted and intimate. The beings here are much more dangerous than the ones dancing outside and they all have a good reason for being able to enter the lounge.

Ford enters the room with unease, his eyes are darting in every direction, looking for exit points and threats. He doesn't like what he sees and he tightens the hand that's resting on his weapon.

Stan enters the room relaxed and slowly takes in the room. He makes eye contact with quite a few of the patrons, winking, nodding, or gesturing to show his interest. A good portion of them show interest back, while the other portion exchange whispers.

Stan chuckles, surprised at the attention. He's figured out ages ago that he's not considered an attractive series in the multiverse, but this isn't like the usual places they frequent.

Maybe after their business is done Stan can stay and indulge in some pleasure. After all, it's not very often that he can make Ford jealous.

Although they are meeting one of the rare cases right now…

Stan watches as Ford makes a beeline to the bar and their target. He's behind the man in seconds.

"Rick," Ford says.

At first, the blue haired man doesn't react. He simply takes a slow sip of his drink, and cocks his hip out in their direction. Ford tries not to sigh, tries not to let it get to him, although he's pretty sure his eye is twitching.

Another moment passes, and even with Stan's leisurely pace, Stan is now standing next to Ford, also waiting. Stan places a gentle hand at Ford's elbow, his brother is looking a little more trigger happy than normal. Some of the tension leaks out of Ford and they patiently wait for this Rick to talk to them.

Finally, Rick deems them important enough to acknowledge. He looks at them over his shoulder with a smirk before turning to face them. Each move is casual and arrogant. And he's wearing that stupid nipple revealing shirt that Ford absolutely hates and that Stan thinks is hilarious.

Rick lips his lips, "Well, haven't seen you boys around here for awhile."

"Cut the crap, Sanchez," Ford bites out, his patience is already at it's limit. Stan slides his hand from Ford's elbow to his shoulder. His twin barely leans into the touch, but Rick notices anyways.

"Sure-hur-hur. I'm always up to talking to you boys" Rick says, nonchalant. "But there are a lot of eyes on us. Hey Stan, why don't ya, I dunno, go entertain the masses, while Fordsy and I talk business?"

Ford takes a look and indeed, a good portion of the lounge has directed their attention towards the three of them. Stan gives his shoulder a reassuring squeeze, then saunters off to the stage in the front of the room. Many of the patrons follow Stan's movements and Ford can tell his brother is putting on a rakish smile that is sure to catch others' attention.

Rick slinks away to a booth in the corner and Ford follows him.

When they sit, neither of them speak. Instead, they watch as Stan prepares a song on stage. A familiar and simple beat fills the lounge.

"*Oh yeeeeeah,*

*You gotta get schwifty~*

*You gotta get schwifty in here~"*

However, unlike the original, Stan makes sure that every note is sultry and low. He makes sure to roll his hips obscenely with the beat and catches the eye of every being in the establishment.

When he directs his gaze towards Ford and Rick, he makes sure to wink at them. Some of the patrons swoon. Ford smiles fondly, but glares when he sees Rick blow a kiss back at his brother.

The creatures in the room start swaying and dancing. Stan keeps singing even when the song is supposed to end and starts making up more lyrics, each more suggestive then the next. No one is paying attention to the humans in the corner booth anymore.

“Oh man, that Stan,” Rick says, looking him up and down. After making sure he’s let his eyes linger over Stan too long, Rick looks back to Ford who’s glaring at him. “Have you been enjoying him like I will tonight?”

Then Ford does something Rick isn't expecting at all: he snorts.

“Maybe I would take that personally, *Rick* , if I didn't know this is the first time you've met us. In fact, isn't this the first time you've met a Stan or a Ford?”

Rick arrogant veneer wavers. The man takes a careful sip of his drink, his eyes now calculating.

“How could you, how could you tell?” Rick asks. He's less arrogant and much more hesitant now.

“That's my secret,” Ford says with a smirk. In reality it's Stan’s secret, but this Rick doesn't need to know that.

Rick nods. “So, uh- what- what did you guys need from me then?”

Ford leans in, “Tell me, Rick, have you heard of the name of ‘Bill Cypher?’”

# Zombie Gang Bang

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Zombie gang bang

Tags and Warning: Incest, Twincest, Alternate Universe, AU where the twins are working on the portal together, zombies, anticipation, jump scares, NSFWish, dub con, blowjobs, and a joke ending.

Chapter Notes

Happy Halloween~! Have an appropriately themed fic!

Author's Note: Total coincidence that I had this one saved for Halloween. It's another fic that I submitted for the Stancest Scavenger Hunt on the Discord server~ Take the joke ending seriously guys, because I have the superpower to make smutty prompts, well, less smutty.

Word Count ~1400

Date Published: 10/31/2017

Ford is in the basement when he hears it.

There's an odd shuffling noise in the back of the portal. There shouldn't be anyone here, except for himself of course. Fiddleford is spending some time with his family, while Stan had mentioned something about going to the bar.

Then maybe it was the portal itself?

It was near impossible. Although his creation was nearing completion, it still shouldn't have the ability to turn on at all. There wasn't a power source, the frame wasn't completed- and yet, it wasn't impossible.

Ford listens again, but doesn't hear the sound. However, he's already made up his mind. He places his plans on the desk and walks to the back of the portal. He glances at the shadows behind the portal, but doesn't spot anything.

There's nothing here and the portal doesn't look to be reacting, so he shrugs and turns back to his work.

The sound of rustling fabric catches his attention.

He pauses and looks again.

There in the corner is a flash of white. Ford scoffs. Yes, the form is looking quite familiar now, a figure similar to his in a white tshirt and blue jeans.

Typical. This wouldn't be the first time Stan has played a prank on him.

"All right, Stan," Ford calls out. "I caught you. Why don't you come out now?"

For a moment, Stan doesn't move. Then he slowly shuffles forward.

Ford can't help but grin, triumphantly. It always feels good to get ahead of his brother. "That wasn't too difficult, was it? Well, since you're here, you might as well make yourself useful. Why don't you come here and help me with…"

Ford trails off when he gets a better look at his twin. Stan is continuing his odd shuffling into the light. He's- pale, has bags under his eyes, his clothes are rather ragged, and his unusually expressive face is blank. If Ford didn't know any better, he would think that Stan is a zombie.

Ford laughs. This is clearly a part of Stan's prank. "Okay, Stan. I get it, you've been getting into my journals again. Very clever, I-"

The hand that wraps around his wrist stops him from continuing. The grip tightens and Ford gasps in surprise. He's pulled into his brother's chest and he looks up to stare at Stan in horror. Stan's eyes don't even focus on him and that's what pushes Ford to take action.

Ford pushes away from Stan's chest, which releases the grip on his wrist. Ford stumbles back, but manages to stay standing. Stan doesn't even react.

Ford finds himself breathing hard while he rubs his sore wrist.

Stan raises his arms and groans, " *Ford…* "

Ford takes off running.

His heart is pounding loudly in his chest, but that doesn't stop him from hearing other groans in the distance. They're familiar ones that are getting louder and louder by the second. He catches the sound of more shuffling.

The ride up the elevator passes in a flash and he curses the fact. He needed that time to figure out a plan, damnit. This is no time to get emotional. What he needs to be is cool and calm.

He shakes his head and finds himself at the front of the cabin. He goes for the door but jerks back when a sudden banging comes from the other side. The frame is rattling and those ominous groans are coming from the other side.

Ford turns to the stairs.

Stupid. So stupid. Perhaps he should have stayed in the basement with all of his tools. But then the thought of being stuck with only one exit, the elevator, makes Ford think he made the right choice. And there are plenty of escape routes on the second floor.

There’s a loud crash below him and he knows that the front door is open, letting more zombies in.

He runs to the bedroom and locks the door. There’s an emergency kit underneath the bed with rope inside. As he’s fishing it out, Ford thinks about how high up the second floor is and how it may not be enough. Perhaps he can utilize his bed sheets to increase the length. However, it still may not enough. He may need to do a controlled fall out his window. Hopefully, it doesn’t come to that.

The banging on his door makes him spill some of the objects in the bag. His hands are shaking now, but he won’t let himself fall apart like this.

A soft creak makes his pause.

He swallows down a shudder.

The sound is coming from the closet.

Ford doesn't look, simply wraps the bag’s handles around his wrist and silently digs out his grappling hook.

Another creak.

Even though he's not looking, Ford can tell the closet is cracked open an inch. There is only darkness inside.

Ford whips around with his grappling hook as the door falls open.

The door opens wide.

There's nothing there.

He's panting now, the sound is harsh and loud in his ears.

Another creak.

The door slams open from the bathroom, and Ford jumps back. Another door slams open and suddenly zombies are spilling into the room and he can't react at the multitude of them. Does he fire? Does he run? Does he-

A hand catches his wrist and forces down the grappling hook.

It's Stan.

The rest of the hands are now pulling at him, stripping him of his gear, his jacket, his glasses. He can't see, the moving figures in front of him are a blur and he feels helpless- is helpless

when they pull him onto his hands and knees.

The one in front of him groans his name, “ *Ford* .”

The weight of their hands are oppressive, running over his clothes, forcing him to stay down. He gets pulled closer to the one in front of him. His cheek rubs against a familiar pair of blue jeans and he unintentionally nuzzles against the bulge. A hand starts to run a hand through his hair, gentler than the rest.

He rubs closer to the form in front of him and lets his eyes fall close when the hand continues to card through his hair.

The zombie, no, Stan pulls away from him and Ford tries to jolt forward even with the weight of a dozen hands on him. The hand in his hair is now firm, keeping him in his place.

Ford’s eyes open. He may be without his glasses, but this close he can see the scene in front of him. Stan frees his cock from his pants and offers it to Ford.

Ford’s lips parts and he accepts what’s given to him.

-000-

*Joke Ending~*

Ford’s lips parts and he accepts what’s given to him.

His lips brush against the cock in front of him. Stan makes an audible sound of content. Before he’s tempted into action, someone else’s hands tugs at his hair. They pull his head back, then table in his hair, anchoring him.

Ford opens his mouth and Stan pushes the head of his cock past his lips. It tastes…

Ford spits, “Ugh.”

“Oh fuck,” the Stan says in front of him, and not in a happy way. “Shit! My cock!”

The hands stop touching Ford and one offers him his glasses. He’s greeted with the image of Stan, panicking, as his cock starts to melt off. The other Stans around him start voicing their disgust and sympathy.

The Stan sighs and pats his head. “So much for this idea. I’m gonna go kill myself in the shower.” Then he trots off to the bathroom.

The other Stans mutter and stare at Ford, but eventually all agree to follow the first Stan. Some mutter how it would be worth it, but apparently the image of their cocks melting off is a mood killer.

Ford tries to discreetly spit out the rest of the bad taste in his mouth. God, it's like turpentine with the texture of mud.

A hand hauls him up. It's his Stan, the original, wiping the zombie makeup off his face. Ford's knees are a bit shaky so Stan helps him sit on the bed.

"I told you, the photocopier wasn't gonna work," Stan says.

Ford sighs and looks to the bathroom door. The copies are melting themselves and he's sad to see them go. He looks back at his twin, who's now makeup free.

"Ignoring that sad ending, did you enjoy yourself, Sixer?" Stan asks.

Ford thinks about the adrenaline rush of their first meeting, the bodies chasing him, then holding him down, and he shivers. What a way to go.

"Yes," Ford says. "It's something I wouldn't mind trying again."

# Renovations

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Abuelita installs a stripper pole.

Summary: After almost a year on the sea, Stan and Ford make their way back to the Mystery Shack. They're looking forward to seeing Dipper and Mabel, and Gravity Falls. However, they weren't expecting all these changes...

Tags and Warnings: Pines family, Gravity Falls as family, new people working in the Shack, mentions of sex (fade to black), and a grandmother that wants great-grandchildren.

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: Written for the 2017 Stancest Scavenger Hunt! I finally got to looking over this fic. I had actually submitted this fic when it was only about 2100 words. There were a lot of things that had to be cut if I wanted to finish this prompt quickly. Now, after editing, it's almost double that length. I think out of all the fics that I submitted for the scavenger hunt this may be my favorite.

Word Count: ~4900

Date Published: January 22, 2018

"Ta-da!"

Soos poses in his Mr.Mystery outfit in front of the Mystery Shack. He smiles brightly and gestures towards his home.

However, Stan isn't paying a lick of attention to Soos. All he can do is look in horror at the monstrosity in front of him.

“What the hell is this?” Stan says, still staring. Where once was a clear area for some of his more popular attractions, now homes dozens of small partitions. He doesn’t even know where to look. All he knows is that he smells and hears live animals, things he never wanted to keep permanently at the Shack. (Waddles and Gompers didn’t count.)

Soos chuckles, not at all perturbed by Stan’s reaction. “It's the Weird Petting Zoo. It's one of the new attractions I came up with. I'll show you.”

“Hrmph,” Stan crosses his arms and scowls at the change and Ford tries not to snigger at the sight. See how Stan likes it: coming back to massive changes to his home. At least Stan is coming back to the Mystery Shack. Ford came back to see his den of science turned into a hokey tourist trap.

Stan continues to grumble, but doesn't say anything else to deter Soos. Soos takes that as the okay to start a tour. Stan and Ford follow Soos to the first couple of pens. Both tourists and townspeople alike are cooing over the animals.

“Here we have, Pigasus! He’s a very rare, winged pig. We can only keep him here because we feed it his favorite food,” Soos gestures to the pen.

“Isn’t that Waddles with wings and a horn glued to him?” Stan says.

“Yup. He likes napping in the sun and he doesn’t mind when kids pet him,” Soos agrees. He reaches into the pen and gives Waddles a good ear rub. Waddles wriggles in delight, but doesn’t dislodge his costume.

Ford whistles when he sees how much the feed costs. “You’re charging ten dollars for a handful of crackers?”

“Yup. Waddles- I mean, Pigasus can eat like seven of those in a minute.” Soos says.

Stan can’t help but crack a smile at that.

Waddles looks at them with big eyes and oinks. Even at over two hundred pounds, the pig is still disgustingly adorable. When Soos' back is turned, Stan gives the pig a quick pat on the head. Ford almost laughs, but manages to hold it in. He too gives Waddles an affectionate pat.

Stan gestures for Soos to continue. They walk over to the next pen, walled this time, but no ceiling and Soos fakes a gasp. "Oh my. It looks like we have a sheepish customer," he says, pointing inside.

Stan and Ford gather around at the entrance so they can see what's there.

Ford snorts at the sight.

"Isn't that Gompers dressed up in Mystery Shack merchandise?" Stan says.

Soos laughs. "Yup!"

"The walls painted like the gift shop are a nice touch," Ford says.

"Tons of people love buying a shirt and taking a picture with Gompers, which we totally charge for," Soos says. "Tambry did a great job."

Stan chuckles. "Tourists. You gotta love those moneybags."

Soos smiles brightly, seeing Stan finally crack a smile. Stan looks much more amicable after seeing the first few exhibits. He starts looking around with a different perspective.

Another exhibit catches Stan's eye and he walks over to it. "Oh hey, look at these little guys. How did you get them here?"

There’s an exhibit with a beaver and a duck that reminds Ford all too much of the main character of the duck show that Stan and the kids enjoy. The beaver has a fake dam setup in it’s pen and the duck has a nice forest and grassy area. In between them is a mystery sign and a platypus. The platypus has a combination of the two pens.

The platypus is cute. He didn’t think platypuses were native to the area. Ford takes a second look at the platypus, but it continues to swim around merrily, oblivious to his attention.

“Oh, I had some outside help. But they started coming here because we feed them. And only the ones that like to be pet, stay. Sometimes they come, and sometimes they don’t.” Soos waves at the duck who quacks.

They continue to tour the zoo and each attraction is as kitchy as the rest. Every attraction makes Stan’s eyes roll, but he also smiles wider and wider with each one. Ford decides to laugh and enjoy them with him. He’s actually a bit sad he didn’t get to enjoy the Mystery Shack when Stan was Mr.Mystery. Then again, he’s got the feeling that Soos has learned well from his brother.

They get greeted by many of the townsfolk who are also enjoying the zoo.

“Pretty popular, huh?” Stan says

“Yeah, the townsfolk love the animals.” Soos gestures. Then he whispers, “They don't buy into it as much as the tourists do.”

Stan slaps the boy on the back. “Always wanna do good by the folks you live with,” Stan agrees.

Soos looks delighted.

Ford tries not to snort.

Manly Dan passes them, holding lumber and some crackers and Stan looks curiously at him.

Soos chuckles, “Although, some of them give us free stuff for the shack to use.”

Stan whistles when he realizes that the other townsfolk must have helped with the zoo. “You’re a natural Soos.”

Soos suddenly flushes red and starts to laugh. He can’t get any words out and they wait for him to calm down. He doesn’t calm down, but manages to start walking towards another area of the Mystery Shack.

There’s been a small fountain installed and Stan and Ford give it a look over, while Soos finally manages to get a hold of himself. It has a question mark motif and there’s an odd creature installed in the middle.

“The Mystery Fountain,” Soos squeaks. Then he gains a little more confidence and uses his Mr.Mystery voice, “Find out what happens when you throw in a coin and don’t forget to make a wish!”

“Sure, why not,” Stan says to Ford’s surprise. Stan tosses in a penny and it disappears when it hits the bottom. “Hey! That’s a neat trick. Sure prevents people from getting their change back.”

“Right? I learned that one from you,” Soos admits.

Stan laughs, “You sure did.”

Stan and Soos move on, but Ford looks at the fountain a little more carefully. He stares at the design before catching up.

They move onto an arcade and coin area and Ford spots a very familiar pinball game. However, his attention is pulled away when Stan tugs him over to a particular machine.

“Oh hey, Goldie is here. And he has an honorary space.” Then Stan looks slyly at Ford. “Hey, Ford, wanna kiss your husband?”

Ford playfully pushes Stan towards Goldie, “Why don’t you kiss him, if you love him so much.”

Stan gives him a shit eating grin and plants a loud smooch on the statue's forehead.

“Yup, he’s the mascot of this area. We made it so that you can’t put coins in him anymore,” Soos says.

“Heh,” Stan gives Goldie an affectionate rub. “I'll try out another one then.”

Ford almost cringes when he sees the machine that Stan picks. It looks like a badly made jackalope and one of it’s eyes is visibly drooping. The coin makes it wiggle, dishearteningly. Most of the other machines here look like they would do the same. Ford isn’t very impressed. He gets that Soos is trying to imitate Stan, but he wonders about the boy. And how did people fall for this?

Stan, however, looks at the jackalope carefully. He squints and starts walking around the machine. “How did you get it to do that? I stole Goldie, I didn’t have to make him. This jackalope isn’t attached to anything.”

Ford looks curiously at the jackalope. Now that he looks at it, the creature doesn’t look like a contraption like Goldie is. It looks like one of the unmoving attractions that fill the Mystery Shack.

“Well,” Soos takes a look around. Then whispers, “Since the coast is clear, why don’t we take a look.”

Stan and Ford share a look.

Soos knocks on the front of the machine. There’s an answering knock, and Soos goes to open up the front.  Inside is a tray for the coins and several… gnomes?

“Shmebulock.”

Most of the gnome is clearly in the jackalope, while the rest of his body is dangling from the ceiling of the box. He doesn’t seem very concerned about his situation. Another gnome seems to reflexively hiss at them, before stopping and waving.

Stan whistles and Ford gasps.

Soos takes a few cookies out of his pocket and gives it to the gnomes. They take them gratefully. Then they close the box.

“They like to be paid in cookies and sometimes butterflies,” Soos says nonchalantly as if he didn’t just admit to hiring gnomes to work in the Mystery Shack. But now that Stan and Ford look around…

Stan takes a look around and realizes that there are some legit weird things, possibly weirder than his run at the Mystery Shack. Gnomes in the machines, a Manotaur as a statue, some of the decorations looking rather real…

Ford looks around and sees that some of the exhibits are *real* . These aren’t just useless attractions, there are some dangerous anomalies here. The fountain, the plaidypus, the gnomes, who knew what else was actually real. The whole place was a death trap.

“Soos.” Stan says deadly serious. “You are a genius!”

Soos lights up, then shakes his head, “Oh, it wasn’t me. The townspeople wanted to know more about Gravity Falls. And you know, these dudes wanted to find out how they could get human stuff. We get along now,” He says with a shrug.

Stan shakes his head. “That's how things are now, huh. After all that hiding its like this.”

Ford tries not throw up in his mouth. The first time he came back to Gravity Falls, so many things had changed. And now he comes back to this change: that things aren’t so mysterious anymore. He doesn’t know how to react.

“Okay, tell me what else is different. I mean we’re on a boat, but that doesn’t mean I can’t use any of these new ideas,” Stan says a little too gleefully. Ford gratefully turns his attention to Stan. He’ll have to pay attention and make sure that his brother isn’t trying to bring any schemes onto the ship.

Then Stan sniffs into the air. “Hey, what’s that smell?”

“Oh! That’s right! We sell food at the Shack now. It’s just hot dogs and hamburgers, but bosses get to eat free.” Soos leads them over to the grill.

Stan pauses when they get close enough to see who’s manning the grill. “Robbie?”

Robbie looks up and gives Soos a high five. “Eyyy, Mr.Mystery! I’ll prep the usual?”

“Yup, and for my friends if you will,” Soos says pointing at the Stans.

Robbie looks over and grins at Stan. “Hey, Mr.Pines!”

Now that they're closer, they notice Tambry, who's sitting casually with her phone. She actually looks up at and offers a small smile to Soos, before going back to her cell.

"Uh, hey, Robbie," Stan says.

"So what will you have?" Robbie asks.

Stan looks over at the menu, but barely glances at it before looking back at Robbie. Ford places a hand on Stan's shoulder. He'll choose something for them to eat, so Stan can interact with the young man.

Ford almost whistles at the prices.

"The Works for both of us, young man," Ford says.

"You got it," and Robbie goes to fill those orders.

While he does so, Stan sidles up to him. "So, working at the Shack? How's that?"

Robbie continues to work with a smile and he doesn't look at Stan when he answers, "Oh it's great. I thought I was going to have to dig graves for the family business this summer, but then Soos offered me a job."

"You're a great addition, Robbie. And Tambry of course," Soos adds cheerfully.

Robbie beams while he cooks and Tambry gives a thumbs up without looking up from her phone.

"Oh yeah, we wouldn't be able to have half of the zoo if it wasn't for Tambry," Robbie brags.

Tambry shrugs, but her cheeks redden. “It’s no big deal,” she says.

Stan gives her what he thinks is a charming smile. Good thing the young woman isn’t looking at him. “Well, then you’re a great addition Tambry, we’re glad to have you,”

Tambry buries her face in her phone and Robbie shoots Stan a smile.

“Order up,” Robbie says a moment later. He places a burger and two hot dogs in front of them. Then grabs a stamp from the grill to quickly press a question mark onto the buns in front of them. “So I have a a Mr.Mystery special and two The Works.”

Soos thanks the two teens and the three of them make their way to a private picnic table. There’s a sign labeling it for “Employees Only.”

When they sit down, Stan gruffly says, “So Robbie, huh?”

Soos shrugs. “He needed a place to work. And after training with Melody, he can man the grill and a cash box just fine.”

“And Tambry?”

“They’re dating, so she came over a lot. But then she started volunteering some ideas and her art skills for the attractions.”

Stan's expression is a little less mutinous when he hears about the two dating. Stan nods and takes a bite out of his hot dog. “Good idea with the food. The price to cost value is good. How are the locals taking it?”

“Good actually! None of them buy the food here, they bring their own. And I actually have a thing set up where they can sell their food and products here in the Shack. You can buy Lazy Susan’s pies, and Manly Dan’s Jerky, Manotaur epic trail mix-“

“Wait what?” Ford says. He pauses mid bite, condiments dripping out of his hot dog and onto his plate.

“Oh yeah, everybody has something to offer. Most of them get that they can’t steal anymore, but they have to get the money from somewhere,” Soos says.

“But introducing capitalizing and economy to an ecosystem!” Ford cries. “They’re- They’re anomalies! Not- door to door salesman!” Ford continues to sputter.

Soos waits patiently for him to finish and continues to eat his burger.

“Ouch, door to door salesman. That’s an insult to you?” Stan laughs.

Ford unsuccessfully apologizes to Stan about the salesman comment and continues to rant about how these were majestic creatures, blah blah, that having humans interfere was, something something, and the integrity of it all- high handed (heh) metaphor-

“Psst.”

Someone whispers in Stans ear, but before he can look up, he gets yanked out of his seat. Ford doesn’t even notice, he’s too into his tirade, while Soos offers a small wave.

He’s quickly pulled to the side of the Shack.

“Before you try anything, I know a nerd and I ain’t afraid to use him,” Stan says when they finally stop.

A familiar voice laughs at him. “Good to know, Stan.”

Stan lights up and takes a good look at his captor. “Wendy! You look- Uh, different.”

Wendy laughs again, but he can’t blame her for that one. She does look different: more muscular and her hair is very short. She’s also wearing her hat again. Right, the kids have already arrived in Gravity Falls. She must have exchanged hats with Dipper.

“Yeah, I’ve started to help my dad with the logging business. You know, on the days that I don’t work at the Shack. I work some hours during the school year now.” The words are accompanied by a casual flex of her arm, and Stan swears that her biceps have doubled in size. Belgian waffles, has she changed.

Then he realizes that she’s working at the logging company. “Kid-” Stan doesn’t know how to ask his question delicately and he plows ahead, “-Wendy, I thought when you’re working with the Shack you didn't have to go with the logging group.”

Wendy shrugs, which is so like her that Stan doesn’t know how to continue.

“Wellll,” she leans against the Shack. “I talked to my dad, and you know, we talked. He’s stopped treating me like one of my brothers and he’s stopped treating me like my mom,” she says, playing with her short hair.

Oh.

“Oh,” he says aloud. That’s heavier then he’s expecting, not exactly like their usual interactions.

“I’m just trying to be me,” Wendy says with another shrug and an almost shy smile.

Stan returns the smile. He places a hand on her shoulder. “It suits you, Wendy.”

Wendy gives him a more confident smile and comes in for a hug, which he quickly returns. She’s even a bit taller and she feels strong, which she demonstrates by lifting him up, easily.

“Woah-ho! Easy there, I’m getting old now,” Stan says when she finally puts him down.

“Psh, you were always old Stan,” Wendy says, giving him a playful punch in the shoulder.

“Is that why you dragged me here? To show off how young and cool you are? Heh.”

“Nah, I just wanted to get a chance to talk to you without your other half. Didn’t want to surprise your old man heart.” Before Stan can ask what she means about ‘the other half’ comment, Wendy slings an arm over his shoulder and leads him back to the table. “C’mon, we can get back to them now.”

When they get back, Ford is still raving about the state of Gravity Falls.

“Now Mr.Pines, I understand that you were trying to preserve the natural order of the anomalies, but humans and Gravity Falls have always been interacting. Why can’t we integrate now that we acknowledge- oh hey Mr.Pines! Hey Wendy!” Soos gives them a wave.

Ford blinks, finally realizing that Stan wasn’t sitting next to him. Stan takes his seat next to Ford, while Wendy sits next to Soos.

“So did this guy talk your ear off?” Stan says, pointing at Ford.

“Nah, it’s cool. We were discussing the changes now that the eye society doesn’t exist,” Soos explains.

“Ugh, glad those guys are gone,” Wendy says.

Ford crosses his arms. “I still can’t believe Fiddleford developed a secret society without me.”

Stan rolls his eyes. “Why don’t you kids tell us more about what’s changed?”

Soos enthusiastically talks about some of the changes around town with Wendy chipping in. With Stan there he can curb some of Ford’s more enthusiastic responses. When they’re done eating, they continue looking at the various additions to the Mystery Shack. Each exhibit is atrocious and expensive, just like how the Shack should be.

When they walk through the gift shop Stan and Ford get introduced to Melody, who’s working the register. Stan elbows Soos and gives him a grin, while Ford makes an impressed noise. Wendy leads the old men out of the shop. However, they catch Soos squeezing Melody's hand and promising he’ll switch with her soon.

By the end of the day, Stan is clapping Soos on the back telling him that he’s left the job to the right guy. Soos almost starts crying, and Ford has to rescue his brother from a crushing hug.

-000-

Later, Ford and Stan find themselves alone in the Mystery Shack.

Soos and Melody are over at Abuelita’s having dinner. Dipper, Mabel, and Wendy are having a party with some of the other townsfolk. Stan and Ford are actually grateful to spend their first night in Gravity Falls without the kids. Now they can take in the changes without the kids seeing their reactions.

Stan and Ford use the opportunity to go over the Mystery Shack. It certainly looks different: a bit cleaner, with newer technology, and quite a lot of the decor has been rearranged. The

basement seems to be the only room to remain unchanged. Stan does a double take in quite a few of the rooms.

When Stan finally realizes that the couch has been swapped for a newer one, Ford finally mentions a thought he had this morning.

“You know,” Ford begins, “I almost thought you’d be angry at Soos for changing things.”

Stan pokes at the new couch and grumbles. “Yeah, maybe a little, but the kid’s done good work with the place. He’s got a good head on his shoulders, it’s why I left the Shack to him.”

It’s a pretty weighty confession coming from Stan. They’ve been more regular after last summer, but it still surprises Ford on occasion. The words make Ford taste an old bitterness. It’s on the tip of his tongue to bring up the old argument: about Stan building such an amazing home and family in his house and his name.

He lets the moment pass. After all, Stan is his now. They share everything, family and home included.

With that, Ford pulls Stan away from the couch to look at the other rooms.

Still, they’ve learned that it’s better to get things off their chest early instead of too late. “After I had come out of the portal, I was so angry when I saw what you had done with the house,” Ford admits. “And it was strange seeing other people in what I had thought was my space. For example, when I found out that this room had turned into Soos’ break room-”

Ford stops at the entrance. He stares, then looks up.

Nestled in the middle of the room is a shiny silver firefighter pole. He walks into the room and confirms that part of the ceiling is cut out (Soos sized), and a person could presumably slide down to this room from the upper floors.

Ford has to swallow at the sheer absurdity of the addition to the house, but has to admit that in a way, it suits the new Mystery Shack perfectly.

“Why would Soos install a stripper pole in the break room?” Stan wonders aloud when he walks inside.

Ford jolts, “Stripper- Can’t you see it’s a firefighter’s pole? There’s a hole in the ceiling, Stanley.”

“There is a hole in the ceiling,” Stan agrees. “That doesn’t mean it can’t be both. Not a bad idea having one of these babies in the Shack.”

Ford gapes, wondering how Stan can even associate a stripper pole with a boy that’s practically his son.

Stan laughs shamelessly, wraps his hand around the pole, and does an experimental swing. “Nice, It even spins. Definitely both, *Stanford* .”

“What does that have to do with anything? That isn’t even relevant to our current conversation,” Ford manages to sputter out, even as he stares at Stan’s hands wrapped around the silver metal. The man is handling the contraption like he’s had experience, and doesn’t that thought make Ford’s heart pound.

Stan notices the attention and smiles slyly at Ford.

“I dunno, Sixer. Is a stripper pole-” Stan smoothly wraps a leg around the item in question, “-relevant to our current conversation?”

“Uh…”

“It can be, if you admit that I’m right and you’re wrong,” Stan says with a grin. He does a slow spin and rubs himself indecently against the pole.

Ford swallows.

Ford runs to the door, locks it, pulls a chair up, and sits down primly. All his attention is focused on Stan. Stan looks back with a grin, rubbing his hands against the metal.

“I’m rarely wrong-” Ford starts, and Stan looks taken aback, but Ford continues, “But- I will admit that my mind is open to other opinions. Perhaps, you could convince me that I’m wrong.”

Stan grins wolfishly.

“Then get ready for the debate of your life, Sixer.”

-000-

It's the creaking that wakes Ford up.

What an unusual sound. He's already gotten used to the sound of the waves hitting the hull of the ship. It shouldn’t wake him up. Stan’s still snoring away at his side, but he’s long gotten used to that. The only logical conclusion is someone walking about the ship, but if Stan’s next to him who could be walking around-

Ford opens his eyes and sits up.

With growing horror, Ford realizes that there are people outside the room. He accesses his surroundings and sees that the sun has already risen and that it must be well into the day.

Is that Soos and Melody about to open up the Mystery Shack? Is it possibly Dipper and Mabel come to find their Grunkles? Is it Wendy and her friends hanging out in the Shack?

Or- Ford shudders at the thought- Soos has already opened the Mystery Shack and there are tourists walking about while Stan and Ford are NAKED!

He flies off the floor and immediately shoves himself into his pants. He searches frantically before finding his briefs and blushes when he smells them. Then he sniffs himself. Goodness, does he reek.

A loud snore fills the room.

Ford whips his head around to look at Stan.

Normally, the sight would fill him with happiness and contentment, and he would take time to admire the love marks on Stan, but right now all Ford can see is the fact that Stan is completely naked, with only a beanie to cover up his crotch.

“ Stanley, ” Ford whispers. He starts to gently shake his twin awake. “Wake up.”

Stan snorts awake, “Wha- what is it?”

“Get dressed,” Ford practically throws an outfit at Stan's face.

Stan slowly pulls a shirt over his head and puts on his boxers. “What's this about?” He asks, eyeing how Ford is frantically trying to clean the pole.

“It's already midday!” Ford wails. “And I do not want Dipper and Mabel or Soos or Melody or Wendy or- or anyone walking in and seeing what we did here!”

“Oh, oh!” Stan jumps up too. “Okay, nothing a little bit of elbow grease can't fix.”

But then he really looks: looks at the pole, at the rug, and at the furniture.

“Hot Belgian Waffles.”

“Quit looking and start helping,” Ford hisses.

Stan is about to talk back when they hear a familiar laugh. Ford pales. They look at each other in terror.

“There’s no way I'm letting my grand niece see this,” Stan says. He takes a look at the pole then stalks towards the rest of the clothes on the floor. Ford’s curiosity gets the better of him, and he stops polishing to follow his brother. Stan pulls out his inter-dimensional gun and promptly shoots the pole and some of the surrounding furniture.

Ford gapes.

“C’mon, Sixer. We should be fine as long as we can find the caution tape in time.”

-000-

“What happened here?” Mabel asks. She’s about to run into the break room, but the caution tape manages to slow her down enough that she notices the damage to the room. The cool firefighter pole that was installed there is melted, there are holes everywhere, and the room smells terrible. “Whoa! What happened here!”

“What do you mean, Mabel?” Dipper asks, then he spots the room. “Woah!”

“Good to see you too, kiddos,” a familiar voice says behind them.

Both their faces light up. “Grunkle Stan!” They exclaim, wrapping him in a hug. Their grunkle chuckles and squeezes back.

“Where were you this morning? Dipper and I have already been here like, at least half an hour,” Mabel asks.

Stan gives them another squeeze. “Sorry sweetie, I must have been in the shower.”

“What about Grunkle Ford?” Dipper asks.

“It’s his turn in the shower,” Stan answers.

“And what happened here?” Mabel points towards the room.

“Wellllll, Ford and I got into a bit of an argument,” Stan tries to explain.

“That sounds more like a fight to me,” Dipper says sternly.

“Ah, you kids,” Stan says, then proceeds to mess up their hair. “Don’t worry about it. It was an accident.”

“You guys weren’t fighting?” Mabel asks, suspicious.

Stan gets on one knee so he can look at the twins in the eye. “I swear on my fortune that Ford and I were not fighting. It was a little disagreement which we resolved, happily. And if you were wondering, I was right, and he was wrong.”

Mabel and Dipper share a look.

“Sure, Grunkle Stan,” Dipper says.

“Whatever you say, Grunkle Stan,” Mabel adds.

They’ve learned that even if he lies, their Grunkle has their best interests in mind.

“Good,” Stan says as he stands up. “Now who’s ready for some Stancakes!”

-000-

Later that day, Soos brings up what happened to the Mystery Shack to his grandmother.

“Abuelita, the firefighter pole broke. I would fix it, but there’s the unveiling of the new attraction I have to prep for. Could I have the number of the guys who installed it?”

“Oh mijo, I would be happy to tell you. As long as you think your Spanish is good enough to ask for the repairs,” his grandmother replies.

“Darn. I don’t think my Spanish is good enough for something so complicated. I’m sorry, could you do it Abuelita?”

“Of course, Soos. In return, practice your Spanish so you can ask next time,” his Abuelita says with a sweet smile.

“Don’t worry, I will. Me and Melody are learning together.”

“Thank goodness you found such a good girl, yes?”

Soos chuckles, embarrassed. “I’m glad you suggested the firefighter pole, Abuelita,” Soos says trying to change the subject. “It's such a great addition to the Mystery Shack.”

His Abuelita gently pats his hand.

“Yes. That is exactly what I was thinking when I had it installed.”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!